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WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S FAVORITE POEM.

O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud!
Like swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high
Shall molder to dust, and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection who proved,
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those who loved her or praised
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king, that the sceptre hath borne,
The brow of the priest, that the mitre hath worn,
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depth of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep,
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or the weed,
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been:
We see the same sights our fathers have seen:
We drink the same stream and view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run,

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink;
To the life we are clinging they also would cling—
But it speeds for us all, like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers will come;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb

They died, ay! they died: and we things that are now—
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwellings a transient abode—
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud:—
O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

How the French Manage.

When we Americans are bothering about "family help," it is aggravating to think how much better they manage these things in Paris. A correspondent who has been studying up these points writes as follows:

Imagine the convenience of having a nice, tidy woman coming up to your room early in the morning, say 8 o'clock, cooking your breakfast, and then doing all of your chamber work, sweeping, dusting, and leaving you in perfect order for the day by 10 o'clock, and all this for the modest sum of ten cents. Their charges are actually but five cents an hour.

A great many quite well-to-do families live in this way, having the *femme de menage* two hours three times a day to prepare their meals and do the necessary housework. For those who do not care to take their early breakfast at home, there are the the nicest little places, called *cremeries*, where you can get a bowl of coffee or chocolate and a roll for four or five cents. And these little establishments, in addition to their early breakfast trade, sell fresh butter and eggs, milk and cream, cheese and fruit.

It is surprising what a small amount of provisions you can buy in Paris. For example, who would dare in New York to ask for two cents' worth of butter? Here it is a matter of course, and the neat, clean looking girl, always wearing a white apron and cap, serves you across a snowy white counter, and cuts the exact amount with a wire, never making a mistake, as is sometimes done in weighing.

Among other conveniences for those who do not want to cook at home are the *charcutrie* shops, at which are sold cold ham, tongue, veal and delicious gelatine, a sort of boned chicken or turkey, all kinds of sausages, and even sardines at retail, two for a cent. These are all sold by the small quantity.

A slice of ham for five cents is enough for several sandwiches. Again, at the Rotisserie you can buy roast chicken just out of the oven, whole or by the piece, a leg or wing, or slice of breast. All kinds of game or meat are to be had already roasted or cooked to order, and sent home at any specified hour. It is a great convenience, and an immense saving in fuel alone.

There are also to be seen little stalls where fried potatoes and small fish are sold hot every day from 11 till 2 o'clock, when you will meet strings of girls, and men in their blouses, hurrying off with a brown paper bag steaming in their hands, two or three cents' worth being enough for a meal even for a hungry man.

Speaking of fuel, I must tell you of a little contrivance I discovered which is invaluable, and certainly the cheapest cooking contrivance ever invented. It is a tiny stove of sheet iron, hardly larger than a quart measure, costing only about 25 cents. The material burned in it is a sort of very fine charcoal called braise, which is bought at the baker's. It is the residue of the baker's fuel, and sold very cheaply—four cents' worth being enough to last a week. The fire in this little stove is enough to make tea and coffee and boil eggs, or even to broil fish or chops. It makes no dirt, and it is exceedingly easy to light the fire.

PURPOSE IN LIFE.—Carlyle once asked an Edinburgh student what he was studying for. The youth replied that he had not quite made up his mind. There came a sudden lightning flash in the old watchman's eye, a sudden pull down of the shaggy eyebrows, and the stern face grew sterner as he said: "The man without a purpose is like a ship without a rudder; a waif, a nothing, a no man. Have a purpose in life, if it is only to kill and flay a hide and sell oxen well, but have a purpose; and having it, throw such strength of mind and muscle into your work as God has given you."

A Warning to Young Men.

An exchange has the following item which may seem to be all right, but will get some young fellow's back broke yet:

"A justice has decided that courting is a public necessity, and must not be interrupted; therefore, if a young man wanted to kiss a girl he might put her father out of the room first if he liked, but be careful and "take in" the old man's dimensions.

The publication of this item may cause some smart young man to do something he will regret. The sickly looking father of a girl may come into the parlor some night and find the warm-haired youth on the sofa with the girl, and when the old man speaks of it being time to put a stop to such nonsense, the young man, with the above judicial decision in his mind, will tell his prospective father-in-law to pull down his vest and go to bed. The old man will spit on his hands and grasp the warm-haired young man by the county seat of his pants and tie him up in a double bow knot, and pin a scarf pin on him and throw him out on the path to the gate, and then he will turn and slap the girl where her dress is pleated, and she will go up stairs with her hand on her heart, as it were. The young men of this country have gall enough about visiting girls in the evening at their homes, without filling their heads with any such ideas in regard to their legal rights. There are very few fathers that would quietly submit to being told to go away by a young man with a striped necktie and pants too short at the bottom for winter use. These sparkers are looked upon by parents generally as a nuisance, and often they are right. Nine-tenths of the sparking is done by boys who havn't got their growth, and they look so green that it is laughable to the old folks to look at them. And yet marrying is about the first thing they think of. A green boy with a dollar, present or prospective, sparking a girl regularly and talking about marrying, is a spectacle for gods and men. He should be reasoned with, and if he will not quit until he is able to support a wife, and to know who he loves, and the difference between love and passion, he should be quarantined, or put in a convent erected on purpose for such cases. Nine-tenths of the unhappy marriages are the result of green human calves being allowed to run at large in the society pasture without any yokes on them. They marry, and have children before they do mustaches; they are fathers of twins before they are proprietors of two pair of pants, and the little girls they marry become old women before they are 20 years old. Occasionally one of these gosling marriages turns out all right, but it is a clear case of luck. If there was a law against young galoots sparking and marrying before they have got all their teeth cut, we suppose the little cusses would evade it some way, but there ought to be a sentiment against it. It is time enough for these bantams to begin to think of finding a pullet when they have raised money enough by their own work to buy a bundle of lath to build a hen house. But they see a girl that looks cunning, and they are afraid there are not going to be girls enough to go around, and they begin to get in their work real spry, and before they are aware of the sanctity of the marriage relation, they are hitched for life, and before they own a cook stove or a bedstead they have got to get up in the night and go after the doctor, so frightened that they run themselves out of breath and abuse the doctor because he does not run too, and when the doctor gets there, he finds that there is not linen enough in the house to wrap up a doll baby.—*Peck's Sun.*

Gout and Rheumatism.

It is well known that gout is a common disease in England. In this country it is so rare that little is known about it outside of the medical profession. It is, however, an exceedingly painful disease, and the intervals between the attacks tend to grow less and less.

As the witty Frenchman has described it, rheumatism is your hand in the vise till you can stand it no longer; gout is one more turn of the screw.

Luxurious living, with insufficient exercise, is universally regarded as its cause, except that one may inherit a tendency to it, though even this, doubtless, connects with inherited luxurious habits.

Dyspepsia, on the other hand, is as common in this country as gout is rare. This, also, is largely due to improper eating—improper in quantity or in quality. One may have naturally weak powers of digestion, or the digestive capacity may have become weakened temporarily or permanently, by grief, care, anxiety, pressure of business, unremitting brain-work, or too little exercise in the open air.

At a meeting of the Boston Society for Medical Observation, Dr. Curtis pointed out the common origin of the two diseases in overeating. Gout results where digestion is vigorous. The blood becomes overcharged with food, mainly nitrogenous. This, instead of being eliminated in the form of urea, carbonic acid, etc., remains in the system imperfectly oxydized, as the source of the latter disease.

In the United States, overeating, giving rise to dyspepsia, prevents that excess of unassimilated nutriment which is the foundation of England's more painful affliction.

Polite Use of the Hat.

When a Frenchman enters a store or a restaurant he always raises his hat. It is his polite way of acknowledging the humanity of those in charge. Another use of his hat is exhibited by the following extract from the Paris correspondence of the Kansas City Journal:

"But the Frenchman makes a continual and very graceful use of his chapeau. Not only to ladies, but also to elders and masculine friends, the hat is raised both at meeting and parting.

The stranger wending his way along the street at the beginning of his stay is surprised to see all the passers—boys and men, hod-carriers and senators—raise their hats; a funeral procession is passing.

Very soon the stranger learns to follow the custom. I heartily wish that a practice so pleasing and unobtrusive, and so different from the heartless staring that too often meets a funeral procession at home, might be introduced among us."

Parents and teachers would do well to encourage, both by precept and example, these polite and very agreeable attentions. Graceful and instinctive courtesies are the result of early training.

Advice to Those Using Glasses.

Men engaged in literary pursuits should read mostly by day, and write mostly by night. It is worthy of note that reading causes more strain to the eye than writing, and that copying work in writing makes a greater demand upon the organs of vision than off-hand composition. Twilight and a mixture of twilight and artificial illumination should be avoided for any kind of work.

The pale cobalt-blue tint is the best that can be employed when protection for the eye from intense glare is sought, as in the case of traveling upon snow-fields in the bright sunshine. The green glass that is so often adopted for this purpose is not by any means so worthy of confidence.

Reading in railway traveling is objectionable in the highest degree, for a very obvious reason. The oscillation of the carriage continually alters the distance of the page from the eye, and so calls for unceasing strain in the effort to keep the organ in due accommodation for the ever-varying distance of the dancing image.

The exact fitting of the frame-work of spectacles to the face and eyes is of more importance than is generally supposed. If the centers of the lenses do not accurately coincide with the centers of the pupils of the eyes, the consequence is that the images in the separate eyes are a little displaced from the positions they ought to hold, and a somewhat painful effort has to be made by the eye to bring those images into due correspondence for accurate vision. An incipient squint is apt to be in this way produced. Mr. Carter recommends that people should look to the centering of their spectacles for themselves. This may easily be done by standing before a looking-glass with the spectacles in their place. If the fit is a good one, the center of the pupil should then appear in the center of the rim. Fully-framed spectacles are always to be preferred to folding frames, because they permit of more satisfactory adjustment in this particular, and because they are more easily kept in position with regard to the eyes.

The only advantage which the pebble has over glass for the construction of spectacles is the immunity which it possesses against scratching and fracture, on account of its greater hardness.—*Edinburg Review.*

Theory and Fact.

People are very sure as to what their conduct would be in certain supposed cases. For instance: who knows a lady who does not declare that if she were to awake and find a burglar in the room, she would lie silent and motionless, feign sleep, watch the man closely, and so escape uninjured and be able to identify him next day?

Who knows a man who does not inevitably remark, when the subject of fire in a place of amusement is spoken of: "Oh, I should be perfectly calm. I should be careful not to be pushed forward by the crowd. If I had a lady with me, I should make her keep her seat, and so should escape without injury or agitation?"

And who knows a person of either sex who does not vow that on the appearance of an apparition, he or she would quietly walk up to it, touch it, and prove that it was nothing but a waving garment, a pumpkin lantern, or a shadow?

All this sounds very fine; but, alas, when the lady does awake to find the burglar decamping with her earrings and watch, her best silk dress and her new bonnet, she utters shriek after shriek, manages to get herself partially choked, and after all finds it impossible to declare whether the man who stole her property was white or black, six feet or five feet in height, masked or not.

The man who feels certain that he could stand unmoved amidst a conflagration in theory, on hearing the cry of fire in actual fact, either in lecture room or theatre, starts to his feet, either dragging his lady companion with him, or forgetting all about her, and rushes out at the door, roaring lustily for the engines, to learn of the wicked boy who gave the alarm that "the fire is in the stove."

And your brave ghost seer, having hung his own nightcap on the gas fixture, totters into the apartment of his dearest friend at midnight, with the information that he has had a warning of approaching death in the appearance of a spectre seven feet high, that he believes to be his great grand father

"Muscle."

Dr Hall's *Journal of Health* has some severe words against the gymnasium as a means of exercise in our leading educational institutions. The objections, however, must be understood to lie against excess in exercise—as well as the extremes to which ball-playing, boating, etc., are carried, resulting in "athletic feebleness," instead of athletic strength.

Young men are frequently to be met with who seem to have an excessive pride of muscular development; the great development is confined, however, to an undue enlargement of the muscles of the upper portions of the arms, at the expense of the muscles at the chest and of the general health.

The prominent physicians of cities have such patients frequently. They usually come to ask advice in regard to some unaccountable lung trouble.

They point to their arms, and ask how it is possible that a man can swing a dumb-bell weighing fifty pounds and have weak lungs, with spitting of blood and other unfavorable symptoms.

It is the easiest thing in the world, and the most natural result of such violent exercise. This "athletic exercise" craze has come to be a national calamity. It is injuring some of the best young men in the country.

Every gymnasium in the country should be abolished, not that there are not some good features about them, but the evil resulting from gymntstic exercise, as ordinarily practiced, does more harm than good. The professional gymnast is always short lived, the average term being less than six years.

In a letter to *The Lancet*, D. A. Paggi states that in Paris he saw a case in which on the inhalation of chloroform, the heart ceased to beat, and artificial respiration for ten minutes failed to restore the circulation, when Dr. Labbe dipped a large cloth in hot water and applied it to the region of the heart, with the result of restoring action of that organ immediately.

WASHINGTON NEGROES.

Colored Dukes and Beautiful Octoroons—A Negro Crœsus.

At no other time have I noticed so much the magnitude of the Negro population of the capital, writes a Washington correspondent of the Cleveland *Leader*. They seem to be everywhere, now, and one stumbles upon them in the White House, the street cars and the fashionable hotels, as well as on the streets, in the alleys and under the roofs of the thousand and one shanties which they inhabit in Washington.

There are 60,000 Negroes in the District of Columbia, numbering among themselves rich and poor, educated and uneducated, patrician and plebeian. The social laws prevail in the Negro population here, as they do among their foolish bretheren of a different color in all the cities of the United States. They have their castes of society, and the lower scramble for the higher grades, as among the whites. Quite a number of them are wealthy, Senator Bruce and Frederick Douglass' probably leading the list. Many of them are educated, and the professors of the Howard University here will rank with the average college man throughout the Union. The majority, however, are poor; and it is natural they should be so. They form the servants of the capital, and their wages are, I think, lower than those of servants in other cities of the Union. The women are household servants; the men are coachmen, footmen, cooks, waiters and peddlers. Many of them turn to hucksters on a small scale. The fish pedler and the soft-shell crab man, who come daily past my window, are Negroes, and their stock in trade they carry in their hands. The rag men are legion and they have the complexion of Ham.

The catering business of the Capital is done by Negroes, and some of them make much money by it. My caterer owns an elegant three-story pressed brick, and carries on his business operations in the basement while he uses the remainder for his family. His house is near Judge Lawrence's on Iowa Circle, in one of the most aristocratic parts of the city. I am told he is worth a great deal of money, and that he has made it all by catering. He certainly should be rich. He supplies over 100 persons with two meals a day, and he charges them each $25 a month for it, and $2500 a month is a pretty good business for any one.

Many of the Negroes of Washington dress well, and on a Sunday afternoon they are the best looking people on the street. Have you not noticed that a finely dressed Negro can outshine a finely dressed white man? Well, it is true. His black skin shows off the clothes better, and if milliners and dressmakers would use Negro models, they would further their sales. The Negro of Washington likes bright colors, and many of the young colored ladies among the Negro elite wear their rabbit skin cloaks, with skin side outward, the white fur showing in striking contrast to their ebony faces. The Negro "dude" is also found in Washington. He wears a plug hat, however, and sports a cane. Otherwise he is the counterpart of his white brother.

The Negro barber flourishes in Washington as elsewhere.

The education of the Negro here is in separate schools from the whites. There is a full attendance, and the scholars learn rapidly.

As to churches, the Negroes of Washington are the equals of the whites. They have a large number of buildings, one congregation numbering 1500, and one church—a Catholic—where the choir is equal to any in the city. They are more religious as a class than their white brethren, though it is charged by housekeepers that the profession of their servants hardly corresponds with their practice. Say they: "The average Washington servant has little regard for the rights of property, and their general idea is, what they can take is clear gain." Many of these Negroes were formerly slaves, and a place is pointed out near the capitol where auctions were wont to be held for buying and selling them. Some of the old citizens of Washington are violent secessionists still, and these consider it a great disgrace that the Negro has any prominence in the administration of the Government.

The Negroes of Washington are of all shades, from the coal black African to the light brunette octoroon. Many of them have the best of southern blood in their veins, and I see on the streets daily colored girls far more beautiful than the average belle of Caucasian blood.

Castor Oil as a Water-Proof.

A writer for a London sporting paper says: It is best applied before a moderate fire. The boots to be dressed should be quite clean and dry, and especial care should be given to the welt and the tongues and their stitching to the upper leathers. I generally begin by pouring the oil from the bottle all around the welt, so that the angle between the sole and the upper leather is quite filled with oil, and then proceed all over the boot, including the edges of the soles, rubbing it with the hand. When one is done, have a turn at the other and so alternately till you have got in about a tablespoonful and a half on each. The tongues, being thinner leather, should be quite saturated. Subsequent dressings will not require so much oil. I have never found anything to touch this as a waterproof dressing; the gelatinous oil seems to effectually stop every pore in the leather. There is another advantage for those who are natty in such matters; the boots will soon take a good (common blacking) polish; so much that a man may, if he likes, waterproof his ordinary walking boots for bad weather without spoiling their appearance. With a common walking boot of ordinary thickness, apply the oil all over the sole. I wear boots so treated—shooting—over thick woolen socks, for from eight to twelve hours a day or more, without feeling the slightest inconvenience in any way; but they have the chilly feel inseparable from all boots that are oiled in any way

The compositor who set up a line from Burns,—"Then gently skin thy brother man,"—knew more about Wall-street than he did about poetry.

About Sneezing.

Sneezing and the manner in which the sneeze is sneezed is an interesting study. No two people sneeze alike. A month's study of this spasmodic practice has fully demonstrated the fact that there is as much individuality in the sneeze of the average man or woman as there is in the laugh, the conversation, the walk or the handwriting. Some men and women sneeze as though the effort cost them intense pain, while others seem to enjoy the titillating sensation in the nostrils, and enter into the spirit of the act with pleasure depicted on every lineament of their features.

The little boarding-school miss trips jauntily along the street, and in turning to note if she is attracting due attention, happens inadvertantly to look at the sun. In a moment her nostrils begin to tickle, and burying her face in the folds of the neatest of cambric handkerchiefs, she contracts her shoulders and gives utterance to the daintiest "skick-skick-skick" imaginable.

The fat woman with a basket upon her arm—the one you can always meet with in the market-house—halts suddenly upon the street, bows her head reverently, remains so a few moments in wild expectation, and then, straightening up a little, inhales the air until she swells up like a balloon, then "ah-h-h-chooo! ah-h-schooo! ah-ah-ah-skitch-tscho-o-oo! oh, my!" and wabbles along, wiping her inflamed nose on her apron.

The dapper little clerk walks briskly along the street, wondering if his new suit fits him as he hopes it does, and when the unfailing symptoms tell him that he must sneeze he turns his head over his shoulder, and without slacking his pace gives vent to several short, sharp "woosh"-es, and then flies along as if nothing unusual had happened.

The tall, cadaverous man, whose every look indicates the presence of consumption, stops short on the sidewalk, nervously runs his hands into half a dozen pockets before he can find his handkerchief, throws his head back until his nose points at the City Hall clock, and electrifies all within hearing with a spasmodic "witchoo-witchoo-witchoo-o-o-owi-wi-witcho-o-o-o-o darnthelucK!" then gives his peaked nasal a swipe or two, and moves painfully on.

Two neat little daughters of fashion trip along the avenue, confiding to each other their secrets, when one of them says:

"Oh, dear! Jennie, I believe I'm going to sneeze!"

Oh, please don't," cries the other in horror. "It will be awful to sneeze right here on the street! Can't you hold it?"

"Oh, I—i—must. Indeed I—I sck—indeed I ca—can't hel—schick—help it. I mu—mu—sck—must—ah—ah—cusheek—ah—ah—oh, dear!—ah—oh—h—ah—schk—cushick!—ah—oh!—Jennie!—ah—ah—kichoo-oo!"

And then she wipes her pearly nose and trips along with tears in her eyes, and tells Jennie it's just too awfully awful for any use, and she does hope that nobody saw or heard her.

The sedate matron goes about her sneezing in a matter-of-fact way. She simply stops, bows her head, and gives utterance to a few well-developed "achoos," and moves along not caring a continental who was observing her.

The nervous man stops, while a look of pain crosses his face, draws several long breaths to hurry the thing up, then doubles himself as if endeavoring to shoulder the heaviest portion of his boody, twists his face out of all semblance to a human being, and snorts out his "kroo-whah-kroo-whah-boosh-ah-kroo-whah-whah-oh, dear" and leaves the spot wearing a look of the most disconsolate pain.

It does one good to see the jolly fat man sneeze. He throws back his massive shoulders, opens his cavernous mouth to its fullest capacity, shuts both eyes, and fairly raises the dead with his "ah-tschoo!—ah-*tschoo!*—ah-TSHCOO!—whoopa!—wosh—ah *tschoo!*—wagh-hoo—*physchoo!* Lordy, but that was a good 'un!"

There are a thousand and one different styles of accomplished sneezing, and it will repay any one to note the variety and style of the various sneezers to be met with daily.

Facts.

True love always makes a man better, no matter who the woman is who inspires it.

He who does good for good's sake seeks neither praise nor reward, though sure of both at last.

What men want is not talent, it is purpose; not the power to achieve, but the will to labor.

We all know what our duties are, but we dodge them; we all know what our rights are, and we are bound to have them.

A man has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act one—no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down.

A narrow minded Christian reading a life of crooked prejudices and doing it conscientiously makes more atheists than all the infidel books ever written.

If you wish success in life, make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise counselor, caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian.

The man whom you can treat with unreserved familiarity, at the same time preserving your dignity and his respect, is a rare companion, and his acquaintance should be cultivated.

Doubt has been the great discoverer. To question an old lie is usually the first step toward a new truth. It is an act of heroism to dispute a moss-grown error out of existenee.

Profanity never did any man the least good. No man is richer, happier, or wiser for it. It commends no one to society; it is disgusting to refined people and abominable to the good.

Men pray for holiness as if it were something entirely apart from their every day life, something that had nothing at all to do with their conduct in their domestic, social and business relations.

A successful Boston florist gives the following as his method of starting slips of rare and tender plants: Underneath the usual layer of sand in which the slips are planted, and covering the bottom of the pot or box, he places a layer of oats, which when soaked with moisture exude a mucilaginous substance, acting as a stimulant and feeder to the tender roots of the slip. By this method he seldom fails to root his slips.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Interesting Incident.

The following is from the New York *Advocate* of April 12th:

"The Newark conference witnessed an unusual scene on the evening of Monday, April 2. Bishop Foss had called the 7th question: "Who are received on credentials from other churches?" In response, the credentials of the Rev. William H. Rogers, of the African Methodist Episcopal church were presented, and immediately afterward those of the Rev. Dr. Henderson, of the Methodist Episcopal church, south. The Bishop said he would request the brethren to come forward, in order that they might be explained to our church government and usages. Down one aisle of the long church came a tall, stout, well-formed man, and fine looking man, in color of the densest black, while down the other came, a short and slightly built white man—an ex-colonel in the confederate army; and the two, meeting at the altar, stood side by side, and the applause of the conference and the large congregation which crowded the church, and together expressed their allegiance to the government and usages of our church. This remarkable occurrence illustrates two or three things: 1. The established facts of fraternity between our church and the church south. A crowded conference of our church opens its doors heartily to a preacher from the church south, who comes to fill a leading appointment. 2. The full equality of colored men with white men in our ministry. 3. The overcoming of prejudice by our southern brethren against such equality. Dr. Henderson manifested no repugnance to entering a "mixed conference," and in company with his ablebodied brother of the colored race,"

MR. EDITOR:—The above will be perused with interest by the readers of your valuable journal. It throws a flood of light on the discussion, which has occurred as to the "color line" in the Methodist Episcopal church; and if there is truth in the adage, "that straws show which way the wind blows" it indicates the current of thought and action in regard to Methodist union, the discussion of which is now engaging the attention of some prominent minds in the various bodies of Methodism.

Bishop Gilbert Haven, in a letter written to me but a short time time previous to his lamented death, used this expression, "To make any distinction in religious matters on account of race or color, is *unchristianly* in the *highest degree*;" this, with the above incident, illustrates the true sentiment and usage of two-thirds of the membership in the M. E. Church in which, so far as the legal or ecclesiastical aspect of the question is concerned, there is no color line. The word color does not appear in the discipline or any law of the church. The colored ministry and membership are eligible to every office and gift, and are in every respect the peers of the white ministry and membership, and no white pastor will dare to refuse a proper authorized certificate of a colored member "Caste," which is a social and moral question, does exist, however much it is to be regretted and condemned. It is not confined to any particular race or color. It can only be eradicated by education, experience, and the development of character, and to be free of which requires a high degree of moral and intellectual attainment. But we very much question if there is not more "Caste" to be found among the colored race at the south than there is in the M. E. church taken as a whole.

The creation and formation of colored conferences (which we have ever regarded as a mistake) has been done by the colored ministry themselves, the prominent and leading idea of which is the same as the advocates of separate schools, and to have whole religious connections formed and maintained exclusively on the "color line" which is contained in one word "spoils." The fact of fixing the word African would indicate a most unchristian and barbarous character.

It gives prominence and more lucrative positions to a few which they could not hope to attain if in competition with the white race who have had better advantages and more favored opportunities.

With your consent we would like to say a few words in your next issue on the subject of Methodist union.

E. NASH.

Washington, D. C., April 22, 1883.

Golden Sea Sand.

On the seacoast round Cape Commerell, British Columbia, exists deposits of sand which, black in appearance on the surface, are found on examination after digging a few inches to be full of specks of gold. A handful of the sand washed in a saucer displays numerous sparkling grains, which are pure gold, so fine in tiny scales that they are called "float gold." The existence of the gold has long been known, but the difficulty has been to find a means of successfully and ecomomically extracting it. Several machines have been tried, but without success; and after several failures the experiments were abandoned and nothing has been done for years. A new venture is, however, about to be made with a machine invented by a San Francisco company which promises to be successful. The machine consists of six drawers or layers of plates, covered with amalgam. Each plate has holes punched through it about a quarter of an inch in diameter. The gold bearing sand is "dumped in" on the top plate, the water being turned on. The action on the water sets the sand in motion and with the gold it passes through the holes. The sand falls from plate to plate, leaving behind it the loose, free gold, which attaches itself to the amalgam; and by the time the sand has reached the sixth plate it is accompanied by very few grains of gold that have successively escaped attachment to the amalgam on the previous five plates. The process is simple, but it is reported to be successful and to more than pay expenses.

The number of variations made in the Gospels and Acts by the revisors number 14,001, and in the entire Testament, 36,191.

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MR. NASH'S LETTER.

There are a few points in Mr. Nash's letter to which special attention is directed, barring the allusion of the New York *Advocate* as an event of *unusual* occurrence. Mr. N. admits that, so far as the law is concerned, there is no color-line in the M. E. Church. Exactly so; the letter would kill, but the spirit make alive our previous references. The Methodist Church is like the American constitution—it shows no color-line, but is the constitution enforced in that spirit, even here in Washington? Are the spirit and the letter of the M. E. Church one? Why have all the colored churches colored pastors, and all the white churches white pastors? Mr. Nash has certainly heard of the white M. E. minister at Birmingham, Ala., who publicly gave notice that he did not want colored people to attend the services at his church. He has heard of the University at Athens, Tenn., and that Bishop Warren, the same one who presides over the Washington Conference, was guarded in his recent statements about the admission of colored students to the proposed University to be located at Chattanooga? The action of the minister at Birmingham was largely indorsed by white M. E. ministers at the South and generally ignored by the denominational papers at the North. Why is this? The spirit of caste, Mr. Nash would reply. But what determines the spirit of caste in question but the color-line?

As far as the A. M. E. Church is concerned the term African is a misnomer. There is no provision in the book of discipline excluding whites. Hundreds of them are members in different parts of the country, we believe. There is one white minister, a man of excellent education and Christian character, of whom we have personal knowledge. There may be more. The practice of the A. M. E. Church, in the matter of caste, is worth far more than the professions of the M. E. Church, especially in the South. Of course Mr. Nash knows why the A. M. E. and A. M. E. Zion churches were organized, he knows where the blame belongs and we will not go any further into that matter.

All the bishops, elders and members of the M. E. Church do not bow the knee to the baal of American caste (which is based on the color-line). Bishop Haven was in the church more than Charles Sumner was in the state; but Bishop Haven represents no more the prevailing spirit of the M. E. Church, not even to-day, than the ideas of Chas. Sumner do the spirit of the Republican party on the question of human rights. We have no feeling against the M. E. Church. It will gradually outgrow the prejudice born of slavery, and we are willing to fight it and to wait.

A JUST REPORT.

Once in a while we find a man who has travelled in the South for the purpose of ascertaining for himself to what extent the South is improving and to satisfy himself as to whether the colored people are possessed of sufficient taste and adaptability to take in the advanced conditions of American civilization, who is fair enough to express in unequivocal terms what others have labored to disprove. Mr. Joseph Medill, editor of the Chicago *Tribune*, has taken a trip to Florida and returns with the following statement:

It is eight or nine years since I was last in the South, and I was struck by the evident improvement all through the country. There is more contentment now than then, and a greater number of white people are at work; the colored people appear to be all at work, and have improved immensely in their 17 or 18 years of freedom. Every observant Northern man I talked with had noticed the same thing. Apparently they are in better condition than ever before; they are acquiring property, living better, dressing better, and their children are going to school very generally. It is my opinion that more than one-half of all the colored children in the South over ten years old and under twenty, of both sexes, can read and write. While I was coming down the St. John's River half a dozen little colored lads, from seven years to twelve of age, were on the lower deck of the steamboat. An Englishman, who was travelling as tutor with an Italian Marquis, asked them if they could read or write. On their replying affirmatively, he asked them to write their names, ages and where they were born in his note book. They all did it except one, and in a very fair hand; some of them considerably better than mine. In talking to the colored men I found that the younger men had acquired the art of reading, and many of the older ones, too. They are fond of reading the newspapers, and seem as well posted as the whites in the current news of the day and political matters. I asked a young black at Palatka, who seemed idle at the time, what he did for a living. "In summer," he said, "I fish for a living, and in the winter I live off the Yanks."

If the South was visited by more such men as Mr. Medill, the false impressions which are made upon the people of the North by men who resort to devilish journalistic adroitness in order to satisfy their bias, would soon give way to something like a fair estimate, a just knowledge and a high appreciation of the advancement of the colored people throughout the whole South. The testimony proceeding from a gentleman of such undoubted integrity and recognized journalistic celebrity can not fail to produce a wholesome effect upon much abused and misguided sentiment of the North as to the status of the colored people.

KEEPING FAITH.

The Readjusters in different parts of Virginia are showing that they mean just what they say in promising to do what is fair in the distribution of patronage. Hon. P. J. Carter, of Northampton county, has been unanimously nominated for the Commissioner of Revenue for that county and the Democrats have failed to nominate any one against him. In Dinwiddie county, in which Petersburg is located, another prominent colored man, Mr. Henry Madison, has been nominated for the same position and several colored district constables and supervisors. Hon. A. W. Harris declined the nomination of attorney for the commonwealth. We are heartily glad of this action. It will tie the colored vote more strongly than ever to the liberal cause. It more effectually exposes the nefarious designs of the so-called straightout republicans. It may be contended that these nominations are but the assertion of the colored and predominant element of the liberal party; be it so. We remember that the Republican rings in Virginia did not always let the colored vote so assert itself, or recognize its voice when asserted. We have a very vivid recollection of a congressional nominating convention held in Virginia a little more than twelve years ago, when a colored man was nominated for Congress and a state central committee, by some ingenious contrivance, managed to have the will of the convention set aside, and a communication exposing the fraud sent to a certain paper, then published in this city, never saw the light. The movement as carried out in Virginia should sweep over the entire South. Let North Carolina and Florida fall into line without delay, and in 1884 the colored voter will be in a position to obtain greater substantial recognition than he has at any time previously obtained.

THE V. C. AND C. I.

The Board of Visitors of the Virginia Normal and Collegiate Institute have issued a circular stating that the Normal Department of the school will be opened not later than the first Monday in October. It is believed that all necessary expenses for the support of a student will be about $60 a year. The course of instruction is for three years and embraces the ordinary English branches, the theory and practice of teaching, Latin, algebra, geometry, trigonometry, the natural sciences, &c. The school is located in the county of Chesterfield, just across the Appomattox river, within twenty minutes' walk of the city of Petersburg, on a high elevation overlooking the city and the surrounding country for miles. The building now in course of erection will have ten recitation rooms, two lecture halls, one large assembly room, cooking and eating apartments, eighty rooms for the accommodation of two persons each, and thirty-two dormitories for ten students each—in all, accommodations for five hundred persons. Further information can be obtained by addressing the Secretary, A. W. Harris, 26 Sycamore St., Petersburg, Va.

THE Louisville *Bulletin*, referring to emancipation, says:

Twenty-one years hence, what will be the legal status of the colored people?

About the same as it is to-day.

QUITE A COMPLIMENT.

In the issue of the 17th inst. the New York *Tribune*, commenting upon the Emancipation celebration, concludes with the following fair words respecting the colored people of the District:

In 1870 the colored population of the District was 43,404 and in 1880 it was 59,596. As nearly everybody will admit, the colored people of Washington as a rule are industrious and law-abiding citizens; many of them have accumulated property; they honorably fill places of responsibility and trust in the National and District Governments; they send their children to the public schools, and many of them are well educated. And yet it is only twenty-one years since the Boards of Aldermen and Common Council of Washington sent a "joint resolution of instruction," approved by Mayor Wallach, to the Senate, mildly protesting against the passage of the Emancipation bill and urging the expediency and the justice of so shaping any legislation affecting the African race here as to provide just and proper safeguards against converting this city, located as it is between two slave-holding States, into an asylum for free Negroes—a population undesirable in every American community, and which it has been deemed necessary to exclude altogether from some, even of the non-slave-holding states.

AN UNFAIR NUDGE.

Prof. Greener did not prove himself equal to the occasion on Tuesday, 17th inst., at Bethel Literary. His disposition to undervalue the attempts of earnest, intelligent men to make some effort in the literary field was quite untimely. He must remember that the highest types of literary characters are the product of stages of intellectual growth and that even the scion of literature is not to be ignored on account of its *size*, for considering circumstances, even scions are to be appreciated, both on account of their partial development and because they are the hopeful promises of the future. We should commend and encourage proper *tendencies*, to say nothing of their results.

IT is very singular that a Negro can express no opinion differing from that of a white man but that the most mercenary motive is attributed to him. It being recently said that the three colored men on the Star Route jury opposed limiting arguments in the case to one day for each speaker, the theory is at once assumed that they thus acted in order to prolong the case and draw their per diem. The Negro has been so badly treated at the hands of the white man that it may not be surprising after all that his action is considered to be actuated mainly by mercenary motives—the same that has actuated the white in his dealings with the Negro.

DOES any one know of a J. A. Kelley sent out and paid by the Sunday School Union of this city to deliver lectures on "Moral Science" throughout the state of Virginia? A correspondent to the Virginia *Baptist Companion* makes the inquiry. We think he is a fraud.

THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE, in its new dress, is one the handsomest papers in the country.—*Boston Leader.*

Thanks. Just send us the *Leader* every week. Don't double on us, for there would be too much for us to read and digest at a sitting.

WE are glad to note that some of our colored exchanges speak of the importance of calling especial attention to education in the proposed National Convention.

PERSONAL.

Zion's Church, one of the oldest colored Baptist churches in Cincinnati, has been advertised for sale.

Mr. W. F. Boyd, colored, has been elected President of the Board of Council at Urbana, Ohio.—*Bulletin*

Mr. Alex. Harper, the chief accountant of the Pulman Palace Car Company, by the way a colored gentleman, has recently had his salary increased to $2,100 a year.

B. D. Bagby, of the Indianapolis *Leader*, has received a clerkship in the County Clerk's office in that city, the first colored man ever so appointed.

A young colored lady of Oakland Lake, Mich., a Miss Chester, has written a drama of considerable merit, in which the heroine is represented as having been at one time an American slave. The scene is laid in Italy.

Luke Nevin, a colored man, has recently secured a decision from the Supreme Court of Illinois against the Pullman Palace Car Company, which makes that corporation liable for damages for refusing to sell him a berth in one of their cars after he had offered them their usual price.

The colored people of Chicago are showing considerable activity in real estate in the way of building new houses. The colored Odd Fellows of that city have resolved to purchase a lot and build a hall for society purposes. At a meeting recently held the sum of $600 was subscribed.

Chancy and Williams, turpentine distillers in Eastman, Ga., are doing a flourishing business. Last year they did trade to the amount of $25,000, $36,000 not profits. This year they propose to swell the amount to $45,000 and to realize as profits$ 15,000. Five years ago they were penniless North Carolina boys in search of employment.

Memorial Services.

Memorial services were held in honor Willis J. Dorsey at 19th street Baptist church last Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. The deceased was a member of 19th street church and Sabbath school, also a student in the preparatory department of Howard University. There was a fair attendance notwithstanding the rain. Prior to the exercises there was read before the Young People's Christian Association an excellent essay on Africa by Miss Grace Shimm, an earnest worker in the 15th street Presbyterian Sunday school.

The services were opened by the singing of the Hymn Shall We Meet Beyond the River. After which a well prepared eulogy was delivered by Prof. Jas. Storum. After the singing of another Moody and Sanky selection the following resolutions adopted by the church and Sunday school were read:

WHEREAS, since Mr. Willis J. Dorsey, who departed this life April 11, 1883, was a member of this Sabbath school and church, therefore be it

Resolved, That in his death this Sunday school has lost a faithful member, an attentive scholar, and earnest worker.

Resolved, That this church has lost an energetic member, a bold soldier of the cross, and an humble christian.

Resolved, That though his stay with us was short, this community will long and gratefully remember his wholesome influence, and christianlike bearing.

Resolved, That his parents have lost an obedient and loving son, and a promising young man. Be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be tendered the parents of the deceased.

Mr. A. Clarence Murphy was then introduced, who read a beautiful poem which he prepared for the occasion.

Then followed an appropriate address by Mr. M. Thompson, classmate of the deceased. He was happy in his choice of language, paying a most fitting tribute to the departed. Suitable remarks were also made by the superintendent, Mr. Walker, Rev. Walter H. Brooks, and Mr. Ewing, who is persenolly acquainted with the family.

The services were highly interesting and effective.

About Railroads.

The *Illinois State Register* moralizes on railroads and their results, as follows:

"Railroads like any other calling make their own trade. What we mean by that is this a man can support life in this latitude on a slice of fat pork and a little corn meal. He can with small effort raise his own corn and fatten his own pork If his wants are fixed he can supply them at home without going abroad for a thing. Now, if the railroads break down this condition of things, they must offer some inducements. If any one will go into the southern part of this state, he will find numbers of people living in this way, who do not care whether there is such a thing as a railroad or not. Their fathers got along very well without railroads, and they all think they can do the same. This was the case fifteen years ago, much more than it is now. The railroad comes along and says to the family, get out of your old log house and I will haul the lumber to build you a new one. Leave off your lindsey-woolsey dresses, and I will bring you calico to make you a new one. None of these things are necessary. But by offering inducements and showing the people how to obtain them the railroad builds up its business, and makes that possible that was not before. The result is that a people who have railroads raise more corn and more hogs, better horses and better cattle than those who do not have them. The idea that each railroad can only do so much and no more is a fallacy. Human wants never cease to be supplied, and the more they are supplied the more they grow. Fifty years ago a voyage across the ocean to Europe was considered an undertaking of a life time. Now thousands of Americans cross the ocean every week, and it is looked upon as but a simple holiday trip. What has wrought the difference? Why, simply the increased facilities.

Be Happy.

It is the easiest thing in the world to be happy, if men and women could only think so. Happiness is only another name for love, for where love exists in a household there happiness must also exist, even though it has poverty for its companion; where love exists not, even though it be in a palace, happiness can never come. He was a cold and selfish being who originated the saying that, "When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out of the window," and his assertion proves conclusively that he had no knowledge of love, for unquestionably the reverse of the axiom quoted is nearer the truth. When poverty comes in at the door, love—true love—is more than ever inclined to tarry and do battle with the enemy. Let those who imagine themselves miserable, before they find fault with their surroundings, search in their hearts for the cause. A few kind words, a little forbearance, or a kiss, will open the way to a flood of sunshine in a house darkened by the clouds of discord and unamiability.

ROBBING A CONGRESSMAN.—Fifty years ago members of Congress frequently journeyed from their home Washington on horseback. The roads were bad, and sometimes a Congressman met with an adventure more pleasant to relate at a dinner table than to experience. The Hon. Josiah Quincy tells of such a one which befell Mr. Rufus Greene Amory, of Boston:

Mr. Amory had undertaken the journey on horseback, and had fallen among highwaymen, who were as hightoned and chivalrous as those of the novel.

They took his money, indeed, and bound him to a tree; but these acts seem to have been strictly professional, and he told how the thieves regretted, with abundant courtesy, that they were compelled to put an old gentleman to any inconvenience.

"I an old gentleman!" exclaimed the narrator. "Could not the fellows have been content with theft, without adding libel?" And the merry old soul led off a contagious laugh at his own pleasantry.

A convict was liberated from the galley after having served his term of imprisonment. "Well, good-bye," said the chaplain, who had deeply interested himself in the prisoner, and had taken a real affection for him, "good-bye, and good luck, and try to come back to us as soon as you can."

Giraffe Hunting.

The cameleopard is only a kind of monstrous deer or antelope. Its flesh is good "venison." An English hunter, some time in Africa, describes himself and a companion in chase of a herd of these animals:

"Giraffes, if not hard pressed, do not go at any very great pace, so that before long we were within about one hundred yards of them. Even in the ardor of the chase, it struck me as a glorious sight to see these huge beasts dashing along in front, clattering over the stones or bursting a passage through opposing bushes, their long, graceful necks stretched forward, sometimes bent almost to the ground to avoid horizontal branches, and their bushy black tails twisted up.

And how easily they seemed to get over the ground with that long, sweeping stride of theirs! Yet they were going at a great rate, for I felt that my old nag was doing his best, and I could not lessen the distance between us by a foot.

I now saw that D—— was about to make a push, and, as the horse he was riding was pretty fast, I knew that he would press them into a much quicker pace and leave me behind altogether; so, reining in at once, I jumped off, and taking as steady an aim as my arm, tired with flogging would allow, fired at a large, dark-colored cow that looked to me in good condition.

The bullet clapped loudly, and I saw her stagger; but recovering immediately, she went on, though slightly in the rear of the troop.

At this moment my friend jumped off close behind them and gave another cow a shot. I was now a long way behind, but my horse, though slow, possessed good staying powers; so that by keeping on at a hard gallop, and cutting angles when I could, I again crept up and gave my cow another shot, quickly followed by a third, which brought her to the ground with a crash.

She was not dead, however, for as I approached she reared her lofty head once more, and gazed reproachfully at me with her large, soft, dark eyes.

A pang of remorse went through me, and for an instant I wished the shots unfired that had laid low this beautiful and inoffensive creature. But now the cries of my Kafirs and Masaras, following like famished wolves on the blood spoor, broke upon my ear; so, stilling the still, small voice, I again raised my rifle and put an end to the misery of my victim, whose head, pierced with a two-ounce ball, fell with a thud upon the ground, never to to raised again.

Leaving some of the boys to cut up the meat, I rode on with the rest to look for my friend, whom I found beside another prostrate giraffe which he had killed a little further on.

As the one I had shot was the fatter of the two, we left the Kafirs here and went back to mine. It was now late; so, hastily dividing the boys into two parties, and bidding them sleep by the two giraffes respectively, and cut them up and bring in the meat on the following day, we started for the wagons with our gun-carriers, who also carried a few of the fattest bits of meat.

I may here remark that it is difficult to imagine anything more tasty and succulent than a steak of a young giraffe cow, when in good condition, though it may be that hunger, the sauce with which I have always eaten it, has something to do with this opinion."

How to Take Care of Harnesses.

A harness that has been on a horse's back several hours in hot or rainy weather becomes wet, and if not properly cleaned, the damage to the leather is irreparable. If, after being taken from the horse in this condition, it is hung up in a careless manner, traces and reins twisted into knots, and the saddle and bridle hung askew, the leather when dried retains the shape given it when wet, and when forced into its original form, damage is done to the stitching and the leather. The first point to be observed is to keep the leather soft and pliable. This can be done only by keeping it well charged with oil and grease; water is a destroyer of these, but mud and the saline moisture from the animal are even more destructive. Mud, in drying, absorbs the grease and opens the pores of the leather, making it a prey to water, while the salty character of the perspiration from the animal injures the leather, stitchings and mountings. It therefore follows that to preserve a harness the straps should be washed and oiled whenever it has been moistend by sweat or soiled by mud. If a harness is thoroughly cleaned twice a year, and when unduly exposed treated as we have recommended, the leather will retain its softness and strength for many years.

THRIFT.—The pithy proverb, "What I saved, not what is earned, makes wealth," is often forgotten. The earnings of labor in this country are larger than in any other part of the world, but nowhere is there so much complaint of poor wages and nowhere are strikes so common. The chief trouble is that the majority of families live up to their incomes, and any extraordinary expense or a lowering of income brings real suffering.

In France, the peasant farmers and the city mechanics, with less than half the average wages of farm laborers and mechanics in this country, lay by capital for a time of need. When a loan is offered by the Government, peasants and mechanics come forward in great numbers to invest their savings, and it is taken by the people more generally than by the banks

An American resident in France says that nineteen out of twenty families lay by something every year from their incomes. No matter how small the income is, something must be saved for future needs. If the same custom was followed in this country, there would be less complaint and more contentment.

"Amantha," he murmured, with pathos in his voice, "why do you shrink from my embrace as the startled fawn trembles at the rustling of the leaves?" "I've been vaccinated," she said.

A butcher's boy carrying a tray on his shoulders accidentally struck it against a lady's head and nearly knocked her hat off. "The deuce take the tray," cried the lady in a passion. "Madam," said the boy, gravely, "the deuce can't take the tray."

It sometimes happens that impertinence is paid back in its own coin. Once when John Randolph was leaving a country tavern, the landlord said:

"Mr. Randolph which way are you going."

The gruff Virginian replied:

"I've paid my bill and it's none of your business."

Half an hour later Randolph came to a cross road, and not knowing which road to take, sent his servant back to inquire.

The landlord replied:

"Tell Mr. Randolph that he has paid his bill and he can take which road he pleases."

LITERARY NOTES.

From the John W. Lovell Co., New York City, No. 97—of Lovel's Library, India and Ceylon by Earnest Haeckel, the celebrated German naturalist translation by Miss S. E. Boggs. The price is 20 cents, and it can be obtained at any book store.

Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake has prepared for publication, her recent lectues in reply to the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix. They will be immediately issued under the title of "Woman's Place To-day," in 1 vol. 12mo cloth; and also as a 20 cent number of "Lovell's library," by John W. Lovell Co., New York.

We have received *The Musical World* for April which stands among the first of our musical publications. Every number contains new compositions, vocal and instrumental, besides useful hints to teachers and pupils. Among the new music in the number of April is Bo-peep song and chorus, by Rosabel. The *World* is $1,50 per annum and can be ordered through any music or newsdealer.

The May *Atlantic* continues the remarkable excellence attained by the previous numbers for this year. Those who have read Mr. Howells's delightful, "Their Wedding Journey," will read with peculiar zest his charming paper. "Niagara Revisited, Twelve Years after their Wedding Journey." Dr. Holmes contributes a three-page poem, and one of the best he has ever written, entitled "The Flaneur,—Boston Common, December, 1882, during the Transit of Venus," The Second Act of Henry James's comedy, "Daisy Miller," will have a host of readers. Miss Sarah Orne Jewett has written a very engaging two-part story, "A Landless Farmer," of which the first part appears in this number. Charles Egbert Craddock, whose stories of East Tennessee life have attracted so much attention, contributes another, entitled, "The 'Harns' that walks Chilhowee." "Colonialism in the United States" is an admirable historical paper by Henry Cabot Lodge; "The Floods in the Mississippi Valley," by Prof. N. S. Shaler, cannot fail to enlist the immediate interest of many thousands who have a vivid recollection of the ravages these floods caused; "The Rain and the Fine Weather" is a capital out-door essay by Edith M. Thomas. Other poems, essays, reviews of important new books, and three bright short essays in the Contributors' Club conclude a very interesting number of the *Atlantic*. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Origin of Alcohol.

The process of distillation by which alcohol was obtained from fermented liquors was utterly unknown until about the middle of the eleventh century, when it was introduced into Europe by some Arabian alchemists. It does not appear that it was used, however, except for certain mechanical and chemical purposes, and also in the manufacture of a kind of paste with which the ladies painted themselves that they might appear more beautiful, until the sixteenth century. The Black Plague was then sweeping over Europe—sometimes called the Black Death. It started in China or India, and ravaged all Europe. It is estimated that ninety millions were swept away by its ravages. The *aqua vitæ*, or water of life, as it is called, was introduced at that time as an experiment, in order to stay the ravages of this awful disease. During the reign of William and Mary an act was passed encouraging the manufacture of spirits. Soon after, and as a natural consequence, intemperance and profligacy prevailed to such an extent that the retailers in intoxicating drinks put up signs in public places, informing the people that they might get drunk for a penny, and have some straw to get sober on. In 1751 it was given to the English soldiers as a cordial, and we learn also that for some time previous it had been used among the laborers in the Hungarian mines. Alcohol was then mostly of grapes, and sold in Italy and Spain at first as a medicine. The Genoese afterward made it from grain, and sold it in bottles labeled "Water of Life."

During the reign of Henry VII. brandy was unknown in Ireland, but hardly had it been introduced when its alarming effect induced the government to pass a law fordidding its manufacture. In spite of all efforts to the contrary, however, the use of alcohol has spread until it has become a universal curse, and its history is written in the wretchedness, the tears, the groans, the poverty, and murder of thousands.

It has marched over the land with the tread of a giant, leaving the impress of its footsteps in the bones, the sinews, and life-blood of the people.—*Dr. Willard Parker.*

It is said that fire proof houses can be built of cotton and straw. In preparing these materials, raw cotton of inferior quality, the scattered refuse of plantations and sweepings of factories, are mixed and converted into a paste, which becomes as hard as stone, and then is called architectural cotton. It may be made in large slabs, whereby the building of a house would be rapid in comparison with the practice of laying brick after brick, and at one-third the cost. For the other part wheat straw is treated in a way already known, and converted into pasteboard. The sheets thus prepared are soaked in a solution, which hardens the fibers, and are then compressed under enormous power into beams and boards of any required size, and the effect of the soaking is said to render them difficult of combustion.

Several years ago, says a scientific lecturer, while delivering a lecture before a class of ladies on chemistry, we had occasion to purify some quicksilver by forcing it through a chamois leather. The scrap remained on the table after the lecture, and an old lady thinking it would be very nice to wrap her gold spectacles in, accordingly appropriated it to that purpose. The next morning she came to us in great alarm, stating that the gold had mysteriously disappsared, and nothing was left in the parcel but the glasses. Sure enough, the metal remaining in the pores of the leather had amalgated with the gold, and entirely destroyed the spectacles. It was a mystery which we never could explain to her satisfaction.

In the district of Saratow, in Russia, a new religious sect, called "The Underground Sect," is said to be gaining followers. The peculiar name is derived from the habit, practiced by the followers of this eccentric form of belief, of seeking out caves and other subterranean places of refuge as habitations. They live a ascetic life, taking only bread and water for food and drink, and tolerate no union of the sexes. Their dead are buried under cover of the night, from which the notion has gained currency among the peasantry that they throw the bodies into the Volga.

THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1883.

AGENTS.

Cochran, Ga. . . . Richard Townsend
Baltimore.....
Levi Cromwell Gen'l Ag't for Phila.
Washington..... { G. B. Anderson.
" ..... { G. W. Renfro.
New Bedford, Mass..... Wm. H. Carney.

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Advertisements see rates.

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A. H Brooks, 1905 K street northwest, Washington, D. C.
D. L. Brooks, 1116 F street, northwest.
H. B Polkinhorn, next door to Post Office.

LOCAL.

—Mr. J. D. Kennedy left Monday for New Orleans.

—Mr. T. T. Fortune arrived here from Richmond Thursday.

—J. H. Minkings of Norfolk has spent several days in our city.

—Small audiences Bethel Hall Wednesday and Thursday night—advertise next time.

—Competition drill under auspices of Washington Cadets June 18. Further particulars next week.

—The 43rd anniversary of Zion Wesley Sunday School, will take place Sunday afternoon, May 6 at 2½ o'clock.

—Remember the Concert by the Tabor Choral Association next Thursday and Friday at Shiloh Church.

—Company B, Capital City Guard will give a select hop on Thursday evening, May 3, at their new Armory, 470 C street, N. W.

—Thanks to the ladies of the Industrial Club of the 19th St. Bapt. Church for a ticket to their calico dress party next Wednesday evening.

—Misses Ellen Spurlock and Henrietta Cheek, of Wytheville, Va., the latter a sister of Rev. R. M. Cheek, arrived here last week and are stopping at 2712 P street, West Washington.

—Mr. Douglass' great Emancipation speech is being put in pamphlet form. It will be ready Monday, and for sale at ten cents a copy, or $5 a hundred. Orders left at this office filled.

—Mr. F. P. Nash is soon to erect a block of buildings on O street bet. 7 and 8, N. W., in which he proposes to have a hall 50 by 42 feet for societies or entertainments, to which there will be no distinction in race or color, but their will be a distinction made in character.

—The rendition of "Our Best Society," under the auspices of the S. F. A. of Bethel A. M. E. Church, at Bethel Hall, Friday evening of last week is deserving of all praise. The music was very fine, the scenery was well adopted to the "drama", the parts were well committed and the acting almost universally good.

—The commencement exercises of the Theological Department of Howard University will be held in the 4th Presbyterian Church, 9th street between G and H on Friday evening May 4th, 7 P. M. Union Bethel choir is to furnish the music, and the Rev. Dr. Bartlett of the New York avenue Church will deliver the charge to the class. The friends are cordially invited to be present.

—The concert on last Friday evening given by the Little Mites of the Berean Sabbath School at the Berean Church was an affair of great credit and was evidently the result of great care on the part of the director and careful study on the part of the participants. The church was comfortably filled and the affair may be truly termed in every respect a success. The solo "Springtime" by Mrs. Sallie Waring, merit special praise, it was a fine display of vocal talent and their concert be the slightest doubt, but that with proper training this lady will rank next foremost among our colored talent and eventually reach that point which will class her as on of the leading stars Mrs. Waring's has a sweet, rich and clear voice with noticeable articulation and ease of gesture. All of the singers as also those in the dialogue did remarkably well and certainly merited the applause so abundantly showered upon them.

Bethel Literary.

"Some practical hints for colored men" was the theme of the paper by Mrs. M. A. S. Cary last Tuesday night. She reviewed the past of the free colored people, their success in overcoming obstacles against their admission to the trades gave several instances of individual success on a large scale. Self-reliance was what was needed. Individual ventures must be conducted as to inspire the confidence of the people at large and co-operative effort must be encouraged. Where ever there was a field at which the race can succeed whether to Africa to Diamonds, to the West Indies for commerce, among the Indians for traffic, or become in agriculture, manufacture or business it was the Negro's duty to strike out for himself.

The discussion was opened by A. St. A. Smith who thought the paper impractical. He was followed by Mr. Isaac Norman, Mr. Hilyer who thought the central thought a diversification of industry, Mr. E. Waring who thought dread of social equality lay at the bottom of the opposition by the whites to the colored people, Mr. Dodson, who literally tore to pieces Mr. Smith's criticism. Mr. D. has a fine appearance, a good voice and many essentials of the orator. Mr. Scott Wood contended for the colored men to take control of their own education and advised young men to make ambition their god. At 10 o'clock Prof. Greener got the floor and the discussion was adjourned over, with him to open.

Flies and Bugs

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs rats mice, gopher chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats. 15c.

The Debut of Miss Davis.

Marini's Hall was two-thirds filled Wednesday night with an audience, one-third of which was white, to witness the *debut* of Miss Henrietta V. Davis. After Bartlett's polka de concert by Miss Washington, Hon. Frederick Douglass appeared before the footlights and most gracefully introduced the young lady to the favorable consideration of the public. The appearance of Miss Davis kindled much enthusiasm. She is of slender build, she has large, lustrous brown eyes, hair as black as a raven and a countenance of great mobility of expression. Her first recitation, "Briar Rose," exhibited severe elocutionary training, graceful gesticulation and a voice possessing no small degree of pathos. In "The Jiners," a reading, she manifested all the indignation of a woman who has been overdone with lodges and other societies, and her reference to the Galilean Fisherman and the Sons and Daughters of Abraham met a most hearty response. It was quite a contrast to go from "The Jiners" to the address of Portia, in the Merchant of Venice; but no lawyer defended his cause with more consummate skill than did Miss Davis deliver this argument which Shakespeare puts in Portia's mouth. Another kind of power was called for in her recitations from Romeo and Juliet, and in both of these Miss Davis showed that in conception and in artistic performance she has histrionic talent that will repay the most assiduous training and fulfil the highest promise. She needs but encouragement, the favoring circumstances of friendly criticism and fair patronage, to take an honored place on the American stage among her sisters of the other race. Miss Washington interspersed the recitations and readings with vocal and piano solos. Miss Marguerite Saxton, whose pupil Miss Davis is, has much to be proud of in the excellence, natural and acquired, Miss Davis displayed, but both would have been more pleased had there been more of the thousands of colored people in this city present to give moral support to the high order of talent of one of their own number.

THE MATRIMONIAL LIST.

By Argus.

In introducing myself to the public, I desire to say that the fighting editor has declared neutrality, and will not interpose, should I be attacked by any mischief-making vender. I am bold enough, however, to declare myself in favor of that old Mosaic doctrine, "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." Having more eyes than teeth, I shall be happy to make any exchanges which may be suggested by any of my friends.

It is positively stated that Mr. A. J. Hall will lead to the matrimonial altar the pretty Miss Cogey. I wish him success.

W. T. Smith and Miss Jennie Dowling will join the matrimonial band soon. Billy is a good boy, and deserves his long sought-for prize.

Our mutual friend, J W. Mitchell, will take unto himself the fair Miss Marshall, next June, and settle down for life. May success attend them.

Mr. C. Jarvis to the brilliant Miss J. W. Mason. The matrimonial caravan is growing, and the last named couple will be a very happy addition.

It is ringing through the air that the friendly door-keeper of the Supreme Court, Mr. A. H. Herbert, will soon lead to the altar one of the fairest of our tribe, in the person of Miss M. E. Gray. Congratulations may be a little previous, but if the event should come off, I wish them long and happy life. And what will the widow do then, poor thing. And the Count, O! where is he!

L. A. Lewis is still hanging on Miss M. G. Hurns' gate, and nothing will move him but matrimony. Nothing beats like pluck and perseverance, old boy.

Mr. Lee Nance, president of the Epicurean Club, is fast losing prestige. He has ignored high living on substantials, and is dieting himself on love. Miss Jones, of 12th street, manipulates the spoon. Mr. Jones recently went to New York on—business. We did not think to ask his business, but rumor says it is Miss Jeffries.

The scion of Young America, J. W. Gray, Madam Rumor says, will join the above named, and lead Miss S. Bowie, the amiable school-marm, to the altar. If this be so, she will make a man of him. The choice is a good one.

Decline of Man.

Nervous Weakness, Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." $1.

EMANCIPATION DAY.

BY LE DUKE.

The 16th of April is a big day among the colored people. It is the anniversary of the Emancipation proclamation which liberated all slaves in the District of Columbia. This fact makes the event one of the grandest and most important in the history of the country, to the colored people, compared with which, the declaration of Independence is commonplace. It was this event which served as the wedge to split the institution of slavery into a thousand pieces and pave the way for clothing the colored people with the priceless panoply of citizenship.

The commemoration of such an event should be participated in by every colored man, woman and child, from a high sense of its importance and as a grateful acknowledgment of the unmistakable evidences of the favor of Providence in directing social and political forces into the channels of justice and humanity. The event was born of exigency; but it would not have become a *glorious fact* if it had not been nurtured and sustained by a liberal sentiment. It would have fallen from the arms of the Goddess of Liberty a lifeless and useless thing (even more lifeless and useless than our present Civil Rights Bill) had not a generous people determined to make it something worthy of history. And *of course* such an event should be celebrated in true patriotic style. But the most appropriate methods should be resorted to. And just here I should like to offer a suggestion. In view of the fact that the majority of our most respectable colored people seem to take no part or interest in a street parade and considering the unfortunate stirring effects of the music of from one to a dozen brass bands—so stirring that it stirs out all the "rag tag and bobtail," (gutter-snipes) and in view of the enor-expense attending a procession, would it not be wise to resort to as equally a public, though more modest a method of celebration? This suggestion does not grow out of any exception taken to the *general appearance* of the last celebration. To the credit of the managers, it may be said that in arrangement, management and appearance, the procession eclipsed anything we have yet had. But, my friends, we can always find room for improvement. The procession was very large composing many horses and score of carriages But not a hundredth part of either belong to our people. Then, too, we solicited a considerable sum of money for the whites to carry on our own celebration. That was a mistake; but it was all the same to the whites for it all went back to them again. Now how much better would it be to make proper preparations for a modest celebration. I would suggest that several weeks before the next celebration, the preachers ask a small contribution from their congregation, the teachers from their pupils for the purpose of arranging for a celebration Then let the pastor call their congregations together on the day for the purpose of thanksgiving and taking up collections for those poor old men and women, the greater part of whose lives were spent in the service of the cruel slave-master. And when the the evening comes let all the people turn out in one of our own halls and join in a general thanksgiving, where speech-making and music may be heard and which we may congratulate each other in true brotherly style. As I said this is only a suggestion. Of course a systematic and agreeable plan could be adopted and we could have a good time without "showing up" the shabbier side, you know.

On Thirty Days' Trial.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

An exchange says that "an eminent judge of Indiana, now indulging in his annual debauch, has broken a faro bank at the Hoosier capital." This shows what whiskey will bring a man to. If the eminent judge had kept sober, the chances are that the bank would have broken him.

"William," remarked the druggist to his clerk, "where did this package of brown wrapping paper come from?" "It's just a sample, sir, sent us by Pulp, Fiber & Co., but we can't use it; it's too coarse and heavy for our use." "Ah, well," replied the honest druggist, "do not waste it, put it in the window and sell it for fly paper.

MILKING.—It has been proven by numerous experiments that the shorter the time between milkings the richer the milk. In one case, when a cow was milked twice a day, twelve hours apart, the milk gave 12½ per cent. of cream, and when milked five times a day 17½ per cent. If therefore, the time between the milkings varies, as commonly, the milking following closest to the previous one will give the richest milk. Cows milked at half-past 6 in the evening and half-past 4 in the morning will be pretty sure to give the richest milk in the morning, though this is partly caused by the more undisturbed time which they have at night when unharassed

Extracting teeth in Persia must be an unusual occurrence. Before the Shah went to have a tooth out, he made his will and bade all his wives an affectionate farewell, and prayers were offered in the mosques for his passing through the ordeal safely. But, however, he survived the painful operation, and his affectionate subjects showed their thankfulness by sending him, in a single day, congratulatory offerings amounting to about 3,000 ducats. It certainly pays to have teeth extracted in Persia.

American women have the smallest hands in the world. Gloves made in France for the American market are smaller and narrower than any other in the world, and the fingers are made more slender, as any American women will discover who has to buy a pair of gloves in any provincial city in Europe. Probably no American with a mallish hand, which excites no remark, has traveled long abroad without discovering that it is only large shops in big cities which keep gloves small enough for her, and a lady with a hand just below the American average (four), living in one of the largest cities in Eastern Europe, recently found herself forced to send regularly to New York for her gloves.

Sincerity is the first and most essential element in all conversation. If that be absent, though it may glitter with brilliant sayings, all vitality has departed from it. The habit so common among men in the fashionable world of weaving some form of flattery into all their conversation with the other sex is one which every woman of true feeling will resent as an impertinence, showing only the low estimate he places upon her self-respect and powers of discernment. Of all small-talk, it is the smallest and most contemptible. Real esteem and regard have a different ring, and she is to be pitied as a feeble dupe who cannot distinguish between the true coin and the false.

SNUFF AND HAY-FEVER.—In a letter on hay-fever, two facts are mentioned—namely, that "those who are afflicted with hay-fever are so owing to the tenderness of the internal lining of the nose," and that "in Scotland hay-fever is practically unknown." By connecting these facts a probable remedy is suggested—namely, the use of snuff. That this habit destroys the natural tenderness of the internal lining of the nose is evident from the insensibility of the snuff-taker to doses that would cause great irritation to those who are unaccustomed to its use. The Scotch people are great snuff-takers, and they are comparatively exempt from hay-fever. Remedy worse than the disease? Oh, no.

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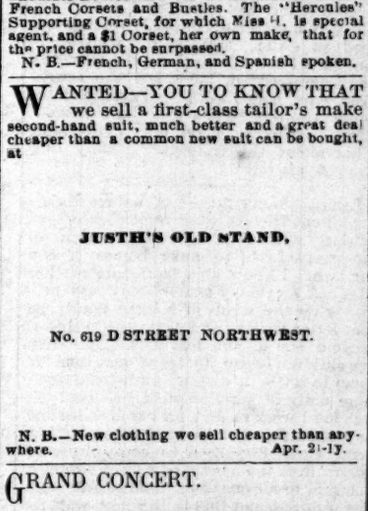

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The Bloody Brotherhood.

There were five of them—all small boys.
In the stable loft—
In sunny corners of the garden fence, where aged Solomon's glorious rays dispelled the dark shadows—
In the back kitchen, by the dim, religious light of a tallow candle, and—
Around the gable-end of the village school-house they had read—
They had devoured—
They had gloated over the superbly illustrated ten-cent edition of

BUCKSKIN BILL,

the Bloody Butcher of the Bad Land Range!
Until their youthful hearts burned like a tar-barrel at a precinct caucus.
And the blood coursed through their veins as courseth the fiery lava adown Vesuvius' rugged face.
And then their smothered ambition burst forth, and their future path was spread before them—
Bathed in the crimson g-o-o-r-e of the red man!
They formed the Brotherhood!
The Bloody Brotherhood!!
"To arms!"
Then rushed they to their several homes with the speed of the affrighted hen as she sails over the garden fence in her mad endeavors to escape the gleaming talons of the carnivorous hawk—
(Or other bird of prey of equal carnivorousness!)
They turned their backs upon the hated school, never to see it more!
The finger of destiny pointed them to the West!
To the rugged mountains—
The dark, gloomy canyons—
The arid valleys and plains of the beoundless West!
Each reckless ranger hied him to his home, and wrested from its peaceful resting place the family hatchet!
And tried its gleaming edge!
And muttered:
"Ha! 'Tis well."
In a deserted stable the Brotherhood again assembled—
And took the oath!
The fearful oath of the Bloody Brotherhood!
And sealed it with five passionate kisses upon five t-rusty hatchet blades!
And then they sallied forth upon their career of
Blood!
AYE! BE-LOOD!!
Adown the village street they moved, with cautious tread and bated breath.
With eagle glance they peered into the cracks between the dry goods boxes, in search of the hated foe!
The leader halts.
"Hist!"
"S-h-h-h-h!"
The foe!!!"
"Forward, Brothers, to the combat!"
* * * * * * *
In front of a cigar stand stood the Indian chieftain, holding in one hand a bunch of wooden Havanas.
In the other a basswood Thomashawk.
He stood gazing with fixed eye toward the West!
The boundless West!
Was he thinking of his native village away out toward the setting sun?
We give it up.
Little recked he of the fearful fate that, like a storm-cloud, hovered o'er his plumed head!
Or rather was getting ready for him at the next corner above.
Little dreamed he that the avenger was about to swoop down upon him as swoopeth the famished cur upon the unsuspecting sausage at the butcher's door—
Or as swoopeth the grasshopper down upon the vegetation of Kansas.
They come with stealthy tread!
And yet the chieftain reflects.
Will he see them in time to escape?
Nearer they come!
Nearer and nearer!
And some more nearer.
Will he tumble to the racket in time to flee? Will he?
Their suppressed breathing can almost be heard!
And their avenging eyes gleam like the buttons on a railway mail clerk's Sunday coat.
Still he reflecteth.
Will he never arouse himself?
Oh, heavens! Too late!
Entirely too late!
The leader springs forward. His little hatchet whistles through the air with the speed of lightning, and the noble chieftain's larboard ear is severed from his head.
And as he strikes he screams:
"Thus am I avenged!"
"At thee, vile caitiff!" yells Callison's hopeful heir, as with one fell swoop of the deadly hatchet the bundle of cigars is shivered and sent showering upon the sidewalk in toothpick shape.
Ah-h-h-ha-ha-a-a-a! R-r-r-r-e-venge at last!" hisses Murray's third boy by his second wife, as the aboriginal nose flew off and fell at the moccasined feet, a shapeless mass.
"Mine be the hand that smites thee to death, proud chieftain," squawked Widow Munson's Jasper, as he sank his hatchet to the eye in the plumed, imperial head.
"And mine be the foot that will smite every dash blamed mother's son of you under the coat tails."
It was the tobacconist, with blood in his eye, who thus spake.
He kicked.
And swore.
And kicked again.
And reswore.
And kicked, and kicked, and kicked.
And then there was skedaddling in hot haste!
And cries of anguish.
And rubbing of contusions.
And the Bloody Brotherhood disappeared adown the alley, and were lost to sight,
Leaving their weapons upon the field of carnage.
Nor halted they in their mad flight until they reached their respective back doors.
The Bloody Brotherhood also got an individual licking the next day, at the hands of their respective papas.
And the school-house seats seemed more than usually hard and uncomfortable for some time afterwards.
But it did 'em good.

[THE END.]

PASSENGER BIRDS.—According to a writer in *Nature*, the small migratory birds that are unable to perform the flight of 350 miles across the Mediterranean Sea are carried across on the backs of cranes. In the autumn many flocks of cranes may be seen coming from the north, with the first cold blast from that quarter, flying low, and uttering a peculiar cry as if of alarm, as they circle over the cultivated plains. Little birds of every species may be seen flying up to them, while the twittering songs of those already comfortably settled upon their backs may be distinctly heard. But for this kind provision of nature, numerous varieties of small birds would become extinct in northern countries, as the cold winters would kill them.

Saturn is 900,000 miles from the sun.

Fumigation with brimstone is of Roman origin.

The coffee shrub grows about sixteen feet in height.

An air gun was made for Henry IV in Normandy in 1488.

Carpenters were originally makers of *carpenta* or carriages.

In 1474, William Caxton introduced printing into England.

It is said that dwarfs die of premature old age, and giants of exhaustion.

The ancients always harnessed their horses abreast, never lengthwise.

The ancient British used buckets without hoops, cut out of solid timber.

A crown of red hot iron was an ancient punishment for rebels and regicides.

At Pompeii, combs have been found just like the modern tooth kind.

The Gauls loved to decorate their helmets, swords and bucklers with coral.

Celluloid is a complex combination formed by mixing gun-cotton and camphor.

The hair of the beard was sometimes added to the seals of ancient deeds and characters.

Oil or essence of pine apple is obtained from a product of the action of putrid cheese and sugar.

A hornet's nest—being the finest woody substance known—is the best polisher for glass lenses.

The elephant was put upon the coins of Cæsar because that animal was called *Cæsar* in Mauritauria.

The average wages of workingmen in France are only 60½ cents a day; those of women 31½ cents.

According to seamen a green hue of the ocean indicates soundings; an indigo blue, profound depths.

The most common measure of capacity among the Romans was the Amphora, nearly nine English gallons.

The coffin of Lambert, the celebrated "great man," was four feet and a half wide and two feet and a half deep.

An autograph collecter in Stamford, Conn., possesses the last signature of President Garfield before he was shot.

The next use of the Mayflower, after her memorable voyage to America, was to carry a cargo of slaves to the West Indies.

Although sound sleep is considered a thing to be desired, yet no sleep is wholesome from which we are not easily roused.

The wings of some insects are so thin that fifty thousand of them would not form a heap over one-fourth of an inch high.

The spire of Salisbury Cathedral is the highest in England, being 400 feet or nearly twice the height of Bunker Hill monument.

At one thousand yards the rifled gun is eleven times, and at two thousand thirteen times, more accurate than the smooth bore.

The latent heat contained in steam increases in proportion as the sensible heat of the water decreases from which it is produced.

HE HAD THEM ON.—In one of the Parisian Bureaux de Police a hardy son of toil, accused of stealing a pair of trousers, was discharged by the sitting magistrate, after a long and patient investigation of his case, on the ground that the evidence brought forward against him was insufficient to establish his culpability. He continued, however, to keep his seat on the prisoner's bench after his acquittal had been formally pronounced. The lawyer who had conducted his defense, observing that he did not move, informed him that he was free to go about his business, if he had any. He shook his head slightly, but did not budge. By this time, no other case being on hand, the court was nearly empty. Again addressing him, his defender inquired with some irritation, "why the deuce he did not get up and go?" "Step this way a moment, please," replied the steadfast sitter, "and let me whisper in your ear. I can't go until all the witnesses for the prosecution have left the court.' "And why, may I ask?" "Because of the stolen trousers—don't you undeastand?" "Most assuredly I do not understand What about the trousers?" "Only this I've got 'em on!"

LETTER WRITING.—Let us remember our absent friends by correspondence, particularly when as grown children we leave the parental roof to make homes of our our own. I know an affactionate mother who had for many years been busy providing for the wants of a large family, so that letter writing and penmanship almost became one of the lost arts. But when her children began to leave her, some of them to settle in distant states, she took time daily to practice with her pen. It was hard work at first, for her muscles had become stiffened with hard labor, but she persevered. She used to copy pieces of poetry from the newspapers as an exercise. She said to me one day: "I must hear from the children, and this is the best way for me to do it. I don't mind if it does come awkwardly." She gradually succeeded in writing easily and well. One of her daughters showed me some of the scraps that had been written as an exercise, which she had treasured up as a touching evidence of a mother's love. So let us remember the old folks, who in the silence of the old home look often and sometimes long for letters from absent children who are **not unloving** but unthinking.

It has been suggested, as the reason why girls do not, as a rule, acquire greater proficiency in many of the lighter mechanical industries, for which they would seem to be well adapted, is that they do not, for obvious and natural reasons, enter upon such pursuits with the intention of making them the business of their life. It is more than probable the same causes operate, to a great extent, to impair the proficiency of boys engaged in mechanical pursuits. While it is not necessary for a young man, when working at some trade as an apprentice or journeyman, to believe that he is never to better his condition by leaving entirely his present occupation, it is necessary that he should put the same energy into his work that he would if he knew it was to be the business of his life. As a rule, advances are made in the direction of previous education and training; and in any event, the habit of putting all one's energy into present business, fits the individual to apply the necessary force in new directions.

The Peoria *Journal* had a very sensible article on the policy of railroads, showing that the pooling system is not only injurious to communities, but demoralizing to the roads. It says "the fool that killed the goose that laid the golden egg would have been a good pool commissioner under the present notion of running railroads." The practice of the pool-roads is to squeeze shippers all that is possible. This wrought out kills trade, and it ought to kill it.

The Aye-Aye.

This quadruped is said to sleep during the heat and glare of the tropical day, and to move about chiefly at night. The wide openings of the eyelids, and the whole construction of the eye, are arrangements for admitting to the retina, and absorbing, the utmost amount of the light which may pervade the forest at sunset, dawn, or moonlight. Thus the aye-aye is able to guide itself among the branches in quest of its hidden food. To detect this, however, another sense had need to be developed in great perfection. The large ears are directed to catch and concentrate, and the large acoustic nerve, and its ministering "flocculus," seemed designed to appreciate any feeble vibration that might reach the tympanum from the recess in the hard timber through which the wood-boring insect on which it feeds may be tunneling its way by repeated scoopings and scrapings of its hard little jaws. How safe from bills of birds or jaws of beasts might seem such a grub in its oak or ebony-cased burrow!

Here, however, is a remarkable animal in which the front teeth, by their number, size, shape, implantation, and provision for perpetual renovation of substance, are especially fitted to enable their possessor to gnaw down, with gouge-like scoops, to the very spot where the ear indicates the grub to be at work. The instincts of the insect, however, warn it to withdraw from the part of the burrow that may be thus exposed. Had the aye-aye possessed no other instruments—were no other part of its frame specially modified to meet this exigency—it must have proceeded to apply the incisive scoops in order to lay bare the whole of the larval tunnel, to the extent, at least, which would leave no further room for the retracted grub's retreat. Such labor, however, would have been too much for the reproductive power of even its strongly-built, wide based, deep-planted pulp-retaining incisors; in most instances, we may well conceive such labor of complete exposure of the burrow to be disproportionate to the morsel so obtained. Accordingly another part of the frame of the Aye-aye is modified in a singular and, as it seems, anomalous way, to meet this exigency. We may suppose that the insect retracts its head so far from the opening gnawed into its burrow to be out of reach of the lips, teeth, or tongue of the aye-aye. One finger, however, on each hand of that animal has been ordained to grow in length, but not in thickness, with the other digits. It remains slender as a probe, and is provided at the end with a small pad and a hook-like claw. By the doubtless rapid insertion and application of this finger, the grub is felt, seized, and drawn out. But for this delicate manœuvre the aye-aye needs a free command of its upper or fore-limbs; and to give it that power, one of the digits of the hind foot is so modified and directed that it can be applied thumbwise to the other toes, and the foot is made almost like a hand. Hereby the body is steadied by the firm grasp of these hinder hands during all the operations of the head, jaws, teeth, and forepaws, required for the discovery and capture of the common and favorite food of this nocturnal animal. Thus we have not only obvious, direct, and perfect adaptations of particular mechanical instruments to particular functions—of feet to grasp, of teeth to erode, of a digit to feel and to extract—but we discern a co-relation of these several modifications with each other, and with modifications of the nervous system and sense-organs—of eyes to catch the least glimmer of light, and of ears to detect the feeblest grating of sound—the whole determining a compound mechanism to the perfect performance of a particular kind of work.

Paragraphic Pleasantries.

AN unvarnished tail—that of the comet.

IT's an knurly apple that catches the worm.

THE average diary covers an unlimited number of lapses.

ITS a money mania that most men have for getting rich.

A COW need not necessarily be alone when a lowin'.

IT's the aspiring oculist that looks for great things in an eye future.

WHEN cross-questioned under oath cross answers are not tolerated.

HIRE OGLYPHICS should be used in setting up the labor want column.

"OFT in the Stilly Night" has an evil-disposed feline rendered slumber impossible.

"I WILL protect you from the evil world," he said, and, as he spoke, he put his armor round her.

"THAT's his last drop," as the clown remarked when the intemperate trapesist fell and broke his neck.

FIND us a plumber man than the plumber. (N. B.—The joke of this is entirely in its exceeding absurdity.)

THE eternal grind of paragraphing does not sharpen a journalistic wit.—*Enrique.* While it very materially dulls his pencil.

Now that Carlyle is dead, untalented scribes will get off their inferior paragraphs and credit them to him. Poor Carlyle.

HOTEL proprietors are queer people—they do not discard the register even during extremely hot weather.

FEMININE billiardists draw well—they draw young men to witness the exhibition of their playing better than do the balls however.

ANY man will be pleased to be deemed noble, but if you wish to incur the everlasting hatred of a dashing female friend, just tell her she's *no belle.*

OF COURSE it's foolishness to tell about the man who wore his boots a day or so before putting them on; but a good walking habit may be worn out long before it's worn out.

To ask a friend for a chew of tobacco and find a satisfactory amount of the filthy weed in the box he hands you, is one of the pleasant surprises of the "tobacco chewists."

A SOCIETY for the prevention of cruelty to insects is now in order. Why, we actually saw a woman pass along the street with a natural butterfly mounted on a spiral pin on her bonnet as an ornament. Horrible!

A KANSAS man recently paid up his delinquent newspaper subscription which was in arrears four years, and then paid for the paper two years in advance. It caused a great deal of excitement, and it is thought that he will be mobbed by other indignant subscribers who are strongly against the practice of any such foolishness.

It was one of the maxims of Francis de Sales—and good men and women in all lands might well adopt it as their motto—"A judicious silence is always better than truth spoken without charity."

WOMAN: "When she will, she will, you may depend on it; and when she won't, she won't, and there's an end on't.

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